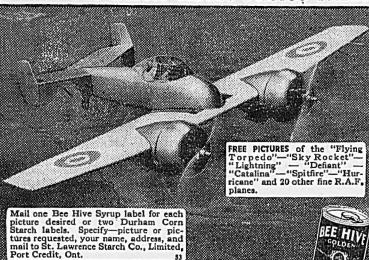


J. C. Bayley Prop.

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Bee Hive Syrup

"FEEL EVER SO MUCH
BETTER SINCE I'VE BEEN
EATING KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN"



"I suffered from constipation for some time, and tried all kinds of medicine, but relief lasted only a short time. Finally I tried ALL-BRAN, and I am ever so much better since eating this delicious cereal every morning," writes H. Mason, St. Austin Village, Que. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN helps you get at the cause of constipation due to lack of the right kind

of "bulk" in the diet. Eat this delicious cereal (or try it in muffins) every day and drink plenty of water. But remember, it doesn't work like harsh purgatives. . . ALL-BRAN takes time, as you grocer's, in two convenient size packages or in individual serving packages at restaurants. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

DAUGHTER OF DESTINY

—BY—
Eleanor Atterbury Colton

CHAPTER XIX.

"It's so nice of you to bother to take me home, Mr. Macias," Devona said, trying hard to ignore the subtle possessiveness in his smile, his manner. "I'm really terribly tired to-night."

"No bother at all." His dark eyes laughed at her elaborate pretenses a little. "I suppose you want to put those things in the safe?"

He nodded at the little bundle in her hand—the handsome mantilla, the locket and fan.

"Yes—please. I'm sure they will be safer there than in my dressing room."

With quick, deft fingers, he turned the dial, opened the heavy steel door, reached for the pile of treasures Devona had laid on his desk.

The safe, she noticed without really intending to, was full of little square white boxes. And bundles of currency rolled together with elastic bands. Idly, she wondered how much money was tucked away in there, and why he preferred to keep it there instead of in a bank. Probably, Macias was just money-loving enough to enjoy having his wealth where he could count it, admire it, touch it with those long, brown fingers.

She was still staring when Macias turned toward her. Flushing a little under the swift, hard look he gave her, the almost insulting vigor with which he slammed the safe shut, swung the portrait back into place, she faced him across a sudden, throbbing little silence.

Finally he said, quietly but with unmistakable warning, "No one but me—and now you—knows where that safe is hidden."

"Oh—really."

"The man who installed it is dead," he went on. "I've never showed it to any one else. Understand?"

"Perfectly." She tried to smile away the implication. "I'll keep your secret."

"Yes—you will." But there was no smile with it.

And Devona was suddenly aware that she had been given a glimpse of some secret vulnerability in the dark, ruthless man. He had some secret—some guilty secret. One that he was deliberately revealing to her gradually. She would learn the whole of it, in time.

Macias calmly picked up his expensive, pearl-gray homberg. "Shall we go now?"

Devona nodded. "Yes, please," and started to open the door.



out of the drive, out of sight. Underfoot, she felt the soft luxury of rich Oriental rugs. "Louis Quatorze" was emblazoned on a heraldic shield ornamenting the doorways, embroidered into the soft draperies. This, she realized as Macias rang for the elevator, was where he lived.

Still numb, afraid to go on, and still more afraid to stop, she stepped into the gold and velvet elevator cage. A moment later, Macias' dark-skinned house-boy was bowing them into an elaborately furnished living room. At first, Devona saw only deep-cushioned, elaborately carved furniture, heavy ches.s that might have been heirlooms preserved in some rich Spanish nobleman's castle, thick carpets, dozens of massively framed oil paintings. The whole scene heavy with gold and red velvet—and obviously costly.

Then she noticed the little table set before the fireplace—a table set for—TWO!

"How—nice," she murmured, managed to move calmly toward the fire, to pretend to warm her numbed fingers.

"How delicious," she said a little later as the well-trained houseboy served very excellent lobster under glass and very old champagne. Delicious, stimulating, the food and wine lent her courage—a courage she realized only too well of which she'd have great need if she carried this through without blundering.

Because, of course, the excellent little supper, the warming fire, the quiet intimacy of this elaborate room were only strains of the overture before the curtain went up on the main action.

Her eyes wandered over the handsome grand piano, the massive lamp-stands that were huge, costly. Everything the biggest, the most that money could buy. Symbols of Macias's power to buy and buy and buy.

She came back to the situation with a jolt. And she was next on his shopping list!

"Well, and do you like it?" he asked, and the question told her he had missed none of her silent study of his room.

"It's very—elaborate," she said honestly. "The effect is—overwhelming. So many priceless, beautiful things—"

Then, to avoid that dark-eyed scrutiny, she rose suddenly, crossed to the big window behind her. Below, Los Angeles and its constellation of satellite cities spread a carpet of shimmering lights as far as she could see. "And your view, too. It's simply breathtaking."

Macias had followed her, stood now just behind her shoulder. "You appreciate beautiful things, don't you?"

Devona shrugged. "I—enjoy them." And then, because talking seemed safer than silences, "My father taught me, really. If it hadn't been for his tremendous interest in the art centres we travelled through, in the fine, beautiful things that different civilizations had created, I probably wouldn't have been so interested."

"That's probably what makes you a different—and very charming person."

"Thank you," and, to distract his attention, "Tell me about your pictures."

Moving toward it, Macias ran one finger, almost caressingly, over the rough surface of the canvas. "Come here, a moment."

Obediently, she went to stand beside him. Taking her hand in his, he touched her forehead to the soft smudge that might easily have been mistaken for the artist's signature, pressed it a moment. And, to her amazement, the painting slid out of sight, leaving a yawning dark aperture. Devona gasped. Another secret hiding place.

"Oh—startling!"

"Clever, isn't it?" Macias beamed proudly. "I invented this one myself."

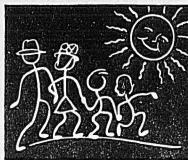
"Yes—very clever," and she couldn't help seeing that this hiding place, too, was piled with square boxes and rolls of currency.

Why was he showing her all this? Why was he flaunting his enormous rolls of money, his strange devices for hiding them?

"I'm glad you like it here," he said, "because I want you to stay." For an instant, Devona just stared at the picture of the tall Monterey

WOMEN WANTED

38 to 52 years old. Women who are restless, moody, NEUROUS—who feel hot flashes, dizzy spells—to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Pinkham's is famous for helping women during these "trying times" due to functional irregularities. Get a bottle today from your druggist! (WORTH TRYING!)



The whole family enjoys it!

• Healthful, refreshing Spearmint Gum is a treat for young and old. And the chewing helps keep your teeth clean, bright and attractive. The delicious flavor sweetens your breath, freshens you up. Join the millions of happy families who enjoy Spearmint after every meal.



pine tossing its limbs grotesquely while the sea clawed at its roots. Then, as the silence failed to hide Macias' meaning, she turned slowly to face him, her heart a frozen lump in her throat.

(To Be Continued)

Cooling Milk

Water Cools Milk Much Faster Than Air

Milk should be cooled to 50 degrees F., or lower, immediately after it is drawn in order to prevent bacterial growth and subsequent spoilage. At the same time, while the cooling of milk is very important it cannot take the place of clean milking; but milk cooled without delay will keep sweet many hours longer than will another portion of the same milk. The cooling of which has been delayed for an hour or two, when milk must be shipped long distances without adequate protection during warm weather, immediate cooling may make all the difference of its being accepted or rejected at the plant.

The speed at which milk can be cooled depends upon the rate at which the heat in the milk is passed on to something else which will absorb it. Some materials absorb heat more rapidly than others. Air absorbs heat very slowly. Consequently, if a can of warm milk is placed in a refrigerated room where the air temperature is at freezing point, it will be about 12 hours before the temperature of the milk has fallen to 50 degrees F. This explains, states the War-time Production Service Pamphlet: of the Agricultural Supplies Board, No. 58, on "Cooling Milk on the Farm," why attempts to cool milk in winter by setting the cans in a snow-bank or exposing them to outdoor temperature so often lead to trouble.

Water absorbs heat much more rapidly and will cool milk more than 20 times faster than air. As milk must give up its heat to the surrounding water, the larger the volume of water and the lower its temperature, the more quickly the milk will be cooled. Cooling is more rapid when either the milk or water or both are kept in motion. In stirring milk on the farm, why attempts to cool milk in winter by setting the cans in a snow-bank or exposing them to outdoor temperature so often lead to trouble.

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Now With Free Airman

Flag Made In Conquered Poland Is Dedicated To Victory

A romantic tale of the smuggling out of Poland of a battle flag which finally was presented to a Polish flying squadron in Scotland July 16 was told by an official at the Polish consulate at Ottawa.

"Some of the drama and color of this strange war is bound up in the 18 months of travel that flag made before it got to Scotland," he said. This is the story:

"At the beginning of the war a Polish aviator who had escaped from his country to France was stationed at Lyon. He managed to get word to a Polish woman living in his native town in Russian-occupied Poland asking her to embroider a special flag for the Polish fliers in exile. He sent the design to her, saying the 'colors' would bring the Polish pilots 'benediction and victory'."

The design showed the image of Saint Mary of Ostrabrama of the cathedral of Vilno, with the lilies of the crown of the Royal Polish Dynasty of Jagellons. This was the emblem under which Poland, Lithuania and Ruthenia were united and the Lithuanian Jagellon family furnished several remarkable sovereigns for Poland and Hungary.

On the other side of the flag were the emblems of the different units of the Polish Air Force and the words "God, Honor, Country."

Once the flag was embroidered it had to be sent from Poland to Lyon for presentation. After completion it was secretly dedicated in a religious ceremony before the image of the Virgin Mary in one of Poland's cathedrals.

In spite of Soviet and German vigilance the flag was smuggled across the frontiers, through Germany itself, into Belgium.

Then the Nazis invaded the Low countries. The flag disappeared. After a thousand complications it was smuggled out of occupied Belgium and finally reached Britain where, in the presence of high-ranking British and Polish officials it was presented to the Polish aviators and dedicated to victory.

"It is a story worthy of the age of chivalry," the Polish consulate official said.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

LABOR: ITS REWARD

There never was a person who did anything worth doing that did not receive more than he gave.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The man who does not work for the love of work but only for money is not likely to make money nor to find much fun in life.—Charles M. Schwab.

I look on that man as happy, who, when there is question of success, looks into his work for a reply.—Emerson.

The right thinker and worker does his best, and does the thinking for the ages. . . He improves moments; to him time is money, and he hoards this capital to distribute gain.—Mary Baker Eddy.

God has so made the mind of man that a peculiar deliciousness resides in the fruits of personal industry.—Wilberforce.

The hope, and not the fact, of advancement, is the spur to industry.—Sir Henry Taylor.

Sometimes Uses Police Car

When In Hurry Prime Minister Churchill Waives No Time

According to "London Calling" sometimes, when in a hurry, the Prime Minister now goes about London by police car. A colleague had the rare pleasure of seeing him flash past one day. "On top of the car," he says, "was a contraption that made a buzzing noise the whole time. The driver looked like a speed cop. In the back sat Churchill, his cigarred profile well forward, and his secretary, clutching her bag in terror. . ."

Bring Results

A Women's Auxiliary Air Force recruiting station in London has a novel way of getting recruits. Prospective members put their heads through a hole and a reflecting mirror shows them just how they will look in a uniform.

Baldhead Island, near the Gulf Stream off North Carolina, is the point farthest north where semitropical conditions prevail. Garden vegetables grow outdoors mature there in April.

A battleship's range finder compasses almost 100 prisms, lenses, and other optical parts.

Mussolini's African empire has gone like the wind. 2424



HOME SERVICE

WHEN TOO TIRED FOR FUN
NERVES MAY BE TO BLAME



Her Energy Used Up In Worry

Too tired—no matter what they plan are afoot! But why—if she's not ill? "Nerves" perhaps. If you feel exhausted all the time but have nothing organically wrong with you, you're probably the high-strung type, letting worry eat up all your energy.

And yet just because you are high-strung, you could be one of the most charming and vital people you would turn those inward energies outward.

How to do it? Try to understand what's making you nervous. Is there some problem you've tried to ignore?

An unsolved problem, you know, can be as alive and destructive as a disease germ. The thing to do is to force it to the surface. Out in the open it can be driven away.

But ignore it, grow still more tired and irritable, and you'll drive away friends and family instead. You'll be right on the road to a nervous breakdown.

Our 32-page booklet explains causes of "nerves" and "nervous" symptoms such as indigestion, insomnia. Describes a physical and mental program to overcome them. Gives right diet, body care for sound nerves, vitality.

15c in coins for your copy of "Overcoming Nerves and Every-Day Health Problems" to Home Service Dept., Winnipeg Newspaper Union, 20 McDermott Ave. E., Winnipeg, Man.

The following booklets are also available at 15c each:

- 168—"Etiquette: The Correct Thing To Do"
- 193—"Fashion Drawing Made Easy"
- 198—"Announcements, Showers and Birthdays"
- WP—"Woodcraft Patterns"
- 121—"How To Improve Your Voice"
- 130—"World's Best-Loved Poems."

Vitamins For Soldiers

Use Would Keep Eyesight In Better Condition

Proper supplies of vitamin in the soldier's diet will not only maintain his general health but may save his life in action by keeping his eyesight in good condition. It was stated in documents tabled for a parliamentary sub-committee on war expenditures.

Brig. R. M. Gosseline, director of army medical service, gave the committee copies of circular letters sent to all district medical officers.

Officers were reminded that if a person did not receive an adequate supply of vitamin C, resistance against disease was lowered. A moderate lack of vitamin C was probably a factor in the development of some mouth conditions, such as trench mouth.

Raw cabbage and raw turnips are excellent sources of vitamin C, but if the cooking is prolonged, over 90 per cent of the vitamin originally present is lost. Potatoes contained a small amount of vitamin C.

Tomatoes were considered most important as a source of vitamin C. For the best level of health, 5,000 to 6,000 units daily of vitamin A are required, and the ordinary hospital diet of the Canadian army furnishes 6,635 units daily.

Fine Is Heavy

A fine of five pounds has been authorized in cases where persons allow dogs to stray over lots and gardens in Britain. The order is intended to protect small gardens in which precious food is being grown.

An apparatus has been perfected in Australia by which pure water can be obtained from the human breast.





Dr. H. W. Nashby
Director, Agricultural Department
North-West Live Elevators Association

WHEAT

In the three prairie provinces wheat is, and probably always will be, the chief crop. Largely due to favourable conditions of soil and climate, we grow the world's best wheat.

Different parts of the prairie provinces vary, however, with respect to suitability for wheat production. I have been particularly impressed with this fact while travelling through the West during the summer. Undoubtedly, there are areas designed by Providence for growing which are still under cultivation. True wheat production was profitable when a bushel was worth a dollar and a half or more. We cannot plan our farm economy on the assumption that such prices are likely to be realized again.

Then in the park and wooded areas, the quality of wheat grown is not, as a rule, equal to that produced on the open plains. Here mixed farming, including wheat, should prevail.

Wheat, wheat and more wheat is aggravating the weed and soil erosion problems year by year.

The Dominion Government has been faced with a very difficult problem in designing a wheat policy. We believe that more attention should be given to local farming conditions. In many parts, grasses and clovers can be used to good advantage in checking weeds and erosion. Progressive farmers are tackling this problem.

Will the bulk of our 1941 grain and clover seed crop cross the International Boundary?

This Is Our War, Too. Let's Do Our Fair Share!

"V"
For Victory

GO 50/50 WITH OUR FIGHTING FORCES



REMEMBER: The slower you drive, the more you save!

Gas burned up while standing still totals a staggering gallonage. So never leave your car—even for a few minutes—with the motor running. It's just as easy to switch it off and save gasoline. Remember your 50/50 Pledge: don't let your motor idle.

Spare and Share your Gasoline for VICTORY!

RESTAURANT

Meals at all hours

FRESH OYSTERS

All Kinds Tobacco and Cigarettes

SOFT DRINKS and Confectionary

ICE CREAM

Mah Bros

For PRAYING Or TRUCKING

Any Kind Satisfaction Guaranteed

ROBINSON CARTAGE



CHINOOK UNITED CHURCH

Church Service 11:45 p. m.

Sunday School 10:30 a. m.

All are cordially invited to attend

"V" CAMPAIGN TAKES NEW DIRECTION

London, Aug. 12 (B.U.P.) Great Britain's "V-for-Victory" campaign in the occupied countries is taking a new tack.

Last week British broadcast urged persons in the occupied countries to buy all food stocks so the Nazis would not get them.

Now Britain is urging that persons in Nazi occupied lands use their cash, banking credits and even insurance claims to buy up all other materials—apart from food—which could be used in the German war effort.

Meanwhile, more and more reports of sabotage and passive resistance toward the Germans are reaching London. Norwegian patriots are said to have defeated a force of Quisling storm troopers at Sandefjord, not far from Oslo.

And the Moscow radio reports that a Norwegian guerrilla band has been hacking at the rear of the German-Finish lines in the northern section of Finland. Finnish peasants also were said to be joining this particular guerrilla band.

In Albania, Albanian patriots are reported to have attacked columns of Italian crack troops, seizing Italian mountain guns, machine guns and ammunition, and hand grenades.

Come on Housewives.
Sock Him again!



with METALS, PAPER, BONES

There are war weapons in your household waste. Save them. Give them. Canada can use them in war production material. Every scrap counts. Help win this war at your own back door!

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

ISSUED BY DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICES

GET INTO THE SCRAP WITH SCRAP

WAKE UP, CANADIANS!

Wake up, Canadians! We are not asked to give But LEND our idle dollars, that democracy may live. Those dollars that are needed for our boys, who overseas Are risking, every day, their lives, that we may live in ease.

Wake up, Canadians! We all are in this fight, To crush the Nazi evil that would rule the world by might. The most that we can lend is but the least that we can do To show we've all made up minds to see this struggle through.

Wake up, Canadians, before it is too late, Before our skies, now clear and blue, are filled with wings of hate. Before our cities and our towns are bombed, as they will be If we don't use our dollars to send help across the sea.

Wake up, Canadians! They've put it up to us, We've got to help, to stop this thing, and do it without fuss. We've never heard the crash of bombs, and quiet nights we spend. If we would save our freedom, let us lend! and lend!! and lend!!!

Over the Top!

A cancerous growth eats at the heart of Europe ... spreads from country to country ... threatens our homes and our way of life. It's up to every one of us to do all in our power to destroy this menace from the face of the earth.

If you can't take an active part in their glorious Crusade for Freedom, back up our courageous forces with your dollars.

INCREASE YOUR REGULAR INVESTMENTS IN WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES!

Donated by BREWING INDUSTRY OF ALBERTA

PATRIOTIC PARODIES

Mary had a frying pan,
A kettle and a pot;
But very seldom used 'em for
She ate outside a lot.
She gave them for the land's
defence -
Now when a bomber wings
Its way o'erhead she claps her
hands
And cries: "There go my
things!"

I had a cocktail shaker
For which I had much use
And oh, the deadly wallop
That shaker could produce!
But now it's joined the army -
It's in the Flying Corps;
If ever it hits Adolph
He'll know that war is war!